

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. 1.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812.

[NO. 23.]

JE VIENS.

A FRENCH TALE.

(Continued.)

THE elegant and prepossessing appearance of Alphonse gained him a ready admittance: he was ushered into the parlour, where he was accosted by an old gentleman, who requested to know his business. "Sir," said Alphonse, "I feel myself in a very awkward situation, and I fear when I inform you of the cause, my conduct will appear very blameable, but I must intreat that you will hear me patiently, and if it is in your power to assist, that you will have the goodness to do it." "Your frankness pleases me," said the gentleman, "and you may depend on any assistance I can give, consistent with the honor of a gentleman to grant." "What would not be proper for a gentleman to grant, would not be proper for a gentleman to ask: but not to trespass on your patience, I will briefly tell you the cause of my giving you this present trouble." Alphonse then related his adventure with the young lady, and also his rencounter with the old woman. "And now, Sir," continued he, "can you give me any information whereby I may be likely to discover my unknown fair?" "If it were in my power," returned Mr. d'Albert, "I should be happy to do it, but unfortunately I have not the least clue to guide your search." "Can you not inform me in what part of England Mrs. Norton resides? She sent a letter to some family here." "She did, it is true, but she gave not the least hint of her residence." "I beg your pardon, Sir, for the trouble I give, but pray were her scholars French or English?" "They were both, Sir: the English ladies were sent for by their friends after Mrs. Norton had arrived in England."

Alphonse thus finding all his hopes of intelligence frustrated could not forbear execrating the unfortunate school-mistress, whose imprudence was the cause of his present vexation. "Do not," said Mr. d'Albert, "thus yield yourself a slave to passion, and curse a woman who is more to be pitied than blamed: the degree of liberty the ladies enjoyed was not more than in England they might have done with safety; in an unfrequented place like this, there appeared no danger in permitting an occasional ramble for a mile or two, and it is not always that the sacred walls of a convent can secure those within them from the stratagems of man." Alphonse made some apologies for his warmth of disposition, and after thanking Mr. d'Albert for his civility, was about taking his leave; this the gentleman would not permit; it was late, and Alphonse was pressed to stay the night. The oddness of the adventure he had just heard, interested Mr. d'Albert, and he wished to be better acquainted with the hero of it.

The evening passed agreeably, the host and the guest equally pleased with each other; the female part of the family joined them at supper; the conversation soon became animated,

and when Alphonse retired to the apartment assigned him, he found his spirits much better than when he first entered the house; but this did not continue long; he was no sooner alone than the image of his lost mistress presented itself to his view, with all the graces which had at first won his heart; then the idea that he might never find her distracted his brain, and destroyed his rest, so that the morning dawned before the unhappy Alphonse forgot his sorrows in the oblivion of sleep. The slumbers of a lover are generally short and broken: such was the case with our hero, who arose before eight o'clock, pleasing himself with the idea that he might now be in the very apartment formerly occupied by *Perdita*, for so he had named his mistress: under this impression he sought every crevice of the room, hoping he might discover some writing which might tend to elucidate the mystery; but his search was vain, no tender lines appeared on the walls, no concealed door was discovered, and he attended the summons to breakfast with a degree of chagrin he could scarcely conceal.

Mr. d'Albert easily discovered by his countenance the situation of his mind, and while he could not forbear smiling at the romanticity of his passion, he encouraged him to hope. "Madame d'Albert," said he, "was placed in a convent by her guardian with a view to prevent my obtaining her hand; the name of the convent was concealed from me; I did not so much as know whether she were in France, Italy, Spain, or Portugal: for three years, habited as a pilgrim, I wandered in search of her; I permitted my beard to grow to a patriarchal length, and so completely disguised myself that I was in no danger of being detected. I insinuated myself into every convent, and learned not a few of the intrigues carried on in those holy places. At length when I was on the point of yielding to despair, I was informed by the portress of a convent in Spain, that in a few days a novice was going to take the veil; I inquired the name of the lady, and heard with an indescribable mixture of joy and grief, that it was Maria de —. The portress was a good-natured woman, and after much persuasion and some presents, I prevailed on her to carry a letter to my beloved; this she did, and also, on my promising her a bottle of *Eau de vie*, she engaged to contrive an interview that same night. I took care to provide a chaise, and a couple of stout fellows to defend us in case of a pursuit, for I had a strong presentiment that I should effect the escape of my charmer. At midnight I repaired to the portress, taking with me the liquor, in which I had infused a tincture that I knew would lull her vigilance to rest. The good lady brought me my fair one, and then drank off a bumper, wishing us happiness, and in a few minutes was in a profound sleep. I hastily threw her veil over my Maria, and we left the convent, scarcely breathing for fear. We took the road to Portugal, arrived there without any accident, and were soon united in the holy bands, of matrimony."

"Ah, Sir," said Alphonse, "you were a

happy man; I fear I shall not be so fortunate," Mr. d'Albert rallied him on his fears, exhorted him not to suffer his spirits to sink, and after mutual professions of friendship, our hero left the hospitable mansion of Mr. d'Albert. Little pleased with the success of his enquiry, Alphonse began his journey to Paris, where he arrived without any adventure, and was received with the greatest affection by his family: for some days he permitted himself to be tolerably happy, but *Perdita* was not an object to be long forgotten, and he again began to devise means to discover her; with this view he frequented every place of amusement, both public and private. He was soon considered as a man of spirit, and became a great favourite with the ladies. "The Chevalier," would they say, "is a very gallant man; he dances with one, kisses one's hand, bows and sighs, but never says any thing particular." This last clause was somewhat of an innuendo to the fair ones; they little thought that while he was paying them so much civility, he was in search of a lost mistress; and when he so politely kissed their hands, it was only that he might have an opportunity of discovering if they wore the ring on which his happiness depended. Thus vainly employed, one month passed away after another without any appearance of discovering *Perdita*: he confided the secret to a few young men, who undertook to assist in the search; they pursued the same methods as himself, and kissing hands soon became a necessary piece of etiquette.

Sometimes he thought of inserting an advertisement in the public papers she might understand, tho' to every one else it should be inexplicable; but from this he was deterred by the recollection of the violence which had extorted the oath. "She can have no sentiment for me but fear," thought the unhappy Alphonse: "fear compelled her to take the oath, and fear would now induce her to conceal herself from me, if she knew I were in search of her." This expedient was therefore laid aside, and he determined if, at the expiration of three months, he had not found her, to pursue the search in England, for it was probable she might be an English lady. Having made this determination, he felt his mind easier, and prepared to pay a visit to an uncle who resided about seventy miles distant from Paris.

It was a beautiful morning in autumn, when Alphonse, attended by his servant, began his route to his uncle's; the charming scenery delighted him, and it was not till near noon that he began to sigh for *Perdita*. The sun was now insufferably hot: an inn appeared in view, and thither Alphonse bent his way, that he might rest till the heat was over. The inn-keeper's daughter, a very handsome girl, brought in some refreshments; as she was placing them, Alphonse took her hand, and kissed it with the most profound respect; the girl blushed, and continued arranging the table, while Alphonse took up a paper and began reading, apparently forgetting there was a girl in the room. "The gentleman," thought Alice,

must be a little deranged." The circumstance was related at the table d'hôte with much exaggeration, and furnished the guests with a subject of mirth and conversation.

To be concluded in our next.

THE FORCE OF LOVE,

Exemplified in the unparalleled sufferings of Baron Trenck in the castle of Magdeburgh, in a dungeon 80 feet under ground—a very interesting relation.

THE Princess Amelia was the youngest and most beloved sister of Frederick the Great. She is thus described by M. Thiebault:—"This princess was in her youth the object of almost universal adoration; no less for the extreme beauty of her person and the excellence of her understanding, than for the mild and benevolent virtues that formed her character. She possessed, besides, many distinguished accomplishments; and it was in my time still recollected, that at Berlin, where the science of music is generally cultivated, there was not one who had surpassed her in the knowledge and perfection of that arduous yet delightful art. Different pieces of music of her composition have been carefully preserved; and I was myself a witness to the admiration they excited at a period when certainly there existed no predilection in her favour.

"Amelia, more perhaps than any other member of the family, possessed an understanding that resembled that of Frederick: she had the same subtlety, the same vivacity, the same propensity to sarcastic ridicule. With respect to the last of these qualities, I allude to the time in which I knew her; for, in her youth, this feature of her character had on no occasion made its appearance."

The attachment of Frederick for the Princess Amelia was so marked, as to excite the jealousy of his other relatives, and even in time to draw down upon her the public dislike; for she was viewed as a sort of emissary or spy to her brother. Their mutual affection, however, continued unimpaired; for the king subjected his friendships to his own caprices, and not to those of his family or courtiers. The princess having been cajoled out of a match with the King of Sweden, by her elder sister Ulrica, who succeeded in obtaining it for herself, unfortunately fixed her affections upon a young cavalier of singular accomplishments, who had just made his appearance at the court of Berlin, and became the object of general admiration. This was the Baron Trenck—a name since became almost proverbial for the expression of every accumulation of cruel treatment. But it is not so well known that his unparalleled calamities were entirely owing to the indiscreet passion of the princess, and his inability, notwithstanding frequent hints, to tear himself from the object of his attachment. He was arrested, or rather kidnapped, upon a foreign territory, after various escapes from the prisons and forts of Prussia, and was thrown into a dungeon at Magdeburgh, eighty feet below ground, carefully watched, and prevented equally from attempts to divert the gloom of his confinement, and to effect an escape from it. In this dreadful situation he remained for upwards of ten years. The effects which his sufferings produced upon the wretched princess, are painted in very striking colours by the following simple statement.

"The lady for whom he had sacrificed so much, had never lost sight of him: she had administered to him every possible assistance in his first prison; and while he was a fugitive abroad, and at the moment when Trenck was effecting the completion of their mutual ruin by his imprudence, he was indebted to her for the means of his subsistence. But, from the time of his being buried as it were in the fortress of Magdeburgh, neither the most active zeal, nor the most persevering efforts, could find a passage to their miserable object.

To be continued.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

THERE is a gratification which few only experience, in reflecting on the days that are gone. Few, because their lives have been so much intermixed with the bitter draught of adversity, occasioned for the most part by their own weakness and folly, that the remembrance rather offends than affords pleasure to the mind. There are some however who with a conscience calm as the lake unruffled by the breeze, and pure as the ether that floats about the blue expanse of heaven, can sit down, and contemplating on the various incidents which have occurred in their little journey through the world, smile at the past, and look with a countenance serene as the setting sun on the days that are to come.

Some, who never walk'd in the gaudy circle of fashion, whose fame never extended beyond the limits of their rural retreat, whose only delight consisted in admiring the beautiful works of nature, in the evening of their days, when the orb of life is about to give its last bright glance, can take a retrospective view of their conduct, and, as they gently recline their aged head on the pillow of death depart, enjoying the sweet consolation that they have conformed to the divine precept, "Do to others as ye would that others should do unto you." What though the midnight gloom never witnessed their revelry o'er the intoxicating cup, nor the echoes around their humble dwelling ever resounded with the mad'ning roar of the libertine's triumph, yet, "borne on the wings of the wind," strains more sweet than Philomela's song, rose to their Father and their God.

Others, who have fought the battles of their country, and assisted in placing the flag of Freedom on the ramparts of their Country's Independence, whose life has been spent in the public service, exposed to all the fatigue and hardship incident to men in such situations, can retire to enjoy the comforts of domestic tranquility with a heart "pure as the gale of spring that gently murmurs in the vale."

But ye, who never taste the joys of friendship, ye who are constantly running the giddy round of life, acquiring but the pitiful praise of the rabble, which will only serve to curse your memory when dead; ye who sacrifice the inestimable pleasures which result from a well spent life for the phantom which merely dazzles but to allure, how will you lull asleep the pangs of a guilty conscience when casting a glance at the time you have spent in dissipation and riot; and how will you contemplate, without a sigh, the days that are gone.

K.

AFFECTING INSTANCE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

In the county of Ulster, in the neighbourhood of Pennsylvania, says an American planter, in his Letters on Cultivation, lived a man whose name was Le Fevre; he was the grandson of a Frenchman, who was obliged to fly his country at the revocation of the edict of Nantz. He might well have been called the last of mankind, for he possessed a plantation on the very verge of the valley towards the Blue Mountains, a place of refuge for animals of the deer kind.

This man, having a family of eleven children, was greatly alarmed one morning at missing the youngest who was about four years of age; he disappeared about ten o'clock. The distressed family sought after him in the river, and in the fields, but to no purpose. Terrified to an extreme degree, they united with their neighbours in quest of him. They entered the woods, which they beat over with the most scrupulous attention. A thousand times they called him by name, and were answered only by the echoes of the wilds. They then assembled themselves at the foot of the Mountain of Chataniers, or chestnut-trees, without being able to bring the least intelligence of the child. After reposing themselves for some minutes, they formed into different bands,—and night coming on, the parents in despair refused to return home, for their terror was constantly increased by the knowledge they had of the mountain cats, animals so rapacious, that the inhabitants cannot always defend themselves against their attack. Then they painted to their imagination the horrid idea of a wolf, or some other dreadful animal, devouring their darling child. "Derick, my poor little Derick! where art thou?" frequently exclaimed the mother, in the most poignant language; but all was of no avail. As soon as the daylight appeared, they renewed their search, but as unsuccessfully as the preceding day. Fortunately, however, an Indian, laden with furs, coming from an adjacent village, called at the house of Le Fevre, intending to repose himself there, as he usually did, on his travelling through that part of the country. He was much surprised to find no one at home, but an old negress, kept there by her infirmities. "Where is my brother?" said the Indian, "Alas!" replied the negro woman, "he has lost his little Derick, and all the neighbours are employed in looking after him in the woods." It was then three o'clock in the afternoon: "Sound the horn," said the Indian, "and try and call thy master home; I will find his child." The horn was sounded; and as soon as the father returned, the Indian asked him for the shoes and stockings that little Derick had worn last. He then ordered his dog, which he brought with him, to smell them; and then taking the house for his centre, he described a circle of a quarter of a mile, semi-diameter; ordered his dog to smell the earth wherever he led him. The circle was not completed, when the sagacious animal began to bark. This sound brought some feeble ray of hope to the disconsolate parents. The dog followed the scent, and barked again; the party pursued him with all their speed, but soon lost sight of him in the woods. Half an hour afterwards, they heard him again and soon saw him return. The countenance of the poor animal was visibly altered; an air of joy seemed to animate him, and his gestures indicated that his search had not been in vain. "I am sure

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

FURTHER advices, since our last, have been received from the seat of war in the North of Europe, which announce the defeat of the French by the Russian army. It is stated, "That on the 25th July, the French attacked the advanced guard of the Russian general the prince Bagration, (a pupil of old Suwarow's) but were driven back with the loss of 8000 men. On the same day the main Russian army was attacked and equally successful, the French being repulsed with the loss of 6000 men. On the 30th and 31st, a French corps under the command of Oudinot, attacked the Russians under the command of Gen. Osterman, and were repulsed with great slaughter, leaving 3000 prisoners, 2 pieces of cannon, and a great quantity of baggage; their loss in killed is estimated at 5000 men."

Our accounts from England are to the 21st of Aug. about which time it is said serious disturbances had broken out in England, in consequence of the high price of provisions. Flour dealers had been compelled by the populace to sell at very reduced prices. Lord Milton, while making a speech to the populace, had stones thrown at him, and

That Mr. Foster, late British minister, had arrived at Falmouth Aug. 18, in the Atalanta, from Halifax.

Lisbon accounts of the 20th of Aug. says, That Lord Wellington, after the great battle of Salamanca, and several others, in which he had beat the French, had entered Madrid the 11th of August. That king Joseph Bonaparte had fled from thence to the army under the Marshal Suchet for protection—and that it was expected, from the progress of the combined armies, that he would not escape from the dominions of Spain, until he is carried out as a prisoner of war.

The distance now between Napoleon in the North of Europe and his brother in Spain, is not less than 2000 miles.

It is said that a treaty of peace and amity had been signed between Russia and England, in which Ferdinand the 7th is acknowledged king of Spain.

A letter from Gibraltar, dated Aug. 5, says, "The Algerines have declared war against the United States. That consul Lear with his family had arrived in the bay. He reports, that the Algerine fleet had sailed the day before him to cruise, it was expected, off Cape St. Vincent and Lisbon."

Accounts from Montreal state, that 14 transports had arrived at Quebec from the West-Indies with 3000 troops—that a strong fortification had been erected on the Isle le Nois; and that the British had drawn 5 gun boats from the St. Lawrence into the river Sorell.

In consequence of the movement of considerable bodies of British troops on to the St. Lawrence, (says the Albany Register) Gen. Bloomfield has ordered all the militia under his command to the same quarter. And it is understood they are to rendezvous opposite the St. Regis village, about 70 miles from Plattsburgh.

Since our last, except the assembling of troops at their different posts on the lakes, nothing of much consequence has transpired. A report is in circulation which, if true, would be very important, that Governor Harrison had carried Fort Malden by storm, in which he lost 500 men, and the enemy 1100—and that he had also re-taken Detroit and burnt several Indian towns.

As to the latter being true there is no doubt; for it is stated under the head of Chillicothe, Sept. 25, That an express had just arrived there from Gen. Harrison, with the intelligence that he had relieved fort Wayne, the Indians flying at his approach; and that a detachment of the army under Col. Wells had destroyed five Indian towns and all their corn. That one of the towns was occupied by the Potawatamies, and two by the Miamies. To what tribes the other two Indian villages belonged is not ascertained. At this time, probably about the 18th or 20th ult. Gen. Harrison was encamped with his main army of about 4000 men, near Fort Wayne, a long distance from Malden.

Accounts from the Northward and Westward speak of very early cold weather; even of snow a foot deep having fallen on the Green Mountain about the 20th of last month: indeed it may be said, the summer throughout, perhaps in all the United States, has been one of the most cool or temperate, known in many years.

he has found the child!" exclaimed the Indian. But whether dead or alive was at present the cruel subject of doubt. The Indian then followed his dog, who led him to the foot of a large tree, where lay the child in an enfeebled state, nearly approaching death. He took it tenderly in his arms, and hastily carried it to the disconsolate parents.

Happily the father and mother were in some measure prepared to receive their child, but their joy was so great, that it was more than a quarter of an hour before they could express their gratitude to the kind restorer of their child. Words cannot express the affecting scene. After they had bathed the face of the child with their tears, they threw themselves on the neck of the Indian, whose heart in unison melted with theirs. Their gratitude was then extended to the dog; they caressed him with inexpressible delight, as the animal, by means of his sagacity, had found their beloved offspring; and conceiving that like the rest of the group, he must now stand in need of refreshment, a plentiful repast was prepared for him, after which, he and his master pursued their journey; and the company mutually pleased at the happy event, returned to their respective habitations, highly delighted with the kind Indian, and his wonderful dog.

LEWINA:

A FRAGMENT OF AN ANCIENT BRITISH BALLAD.

"Why mourns Lewina? why pendant from her eye-lid hangs the tear of sorrow? Thy Habor is safe: Though the battle rages round him, yet his deity shall protect him; and love shall bring him honoured to thy arms." "Alas! my sister," replied Lewina, "'tis vain: my mind is too overburdened with grief to be soothed by your condolence. I'll say the cause. Last night, in sleep, (still does the trembling of the fright hang on me,) methought I wandered o'er a desert space, where nought was heard around me but the yells of savage beasts; and nought did light my footsteps, but the feeble taper of the glow-worm. Travelling thus, methought a storm came on; the vivid lightning darted on my eyes; and o'er my head the growling thunder crashed. At once (I knew not how) methought I was safe sheltered from the tempest in a dreary, gloomy cavern. The frequent blaze of lightning wide revealed upon its sides full many a warrior shield; and far and near were strewed the frequent heaps of human bones. Pondering on these, methought I heard a voice, loud as the accompanying thunder, echo, "Follow!" Turning around, I saw a feeble flame. All was now still; the lightning glimmered faintly; the thunder rolled at a distance. The voice repeated, "Follow!" The light approached: I endeavoured to retreat from it. The voice echoed, "Fear not; thy Habor awaits thee." As though inspired by the sound of my loved Habor's name in such a dreary place, I lost my fears, and followed. It led through dreary vaults, bespread with recent death; the targets, bucklers, swords, and spears, in one huge heap amassed, rusting to naught. The light stopped; I made to it, and—can I repeat the sight!—my Habor lay covered with wounds, and on his bleeding corse a raven feeding. Methought I endeavoured to seize the bird, and in the effort awoke.

The public are cautioned against a gang of thieves, that are committing robberies in this city; particularly by secreting themselves in stores in the day time, and breaking-out in the night time with their plunder.

At the commencement in Queen's College, New-Brunswick, N. J. on the 29th ult. the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon the Hon. De Wit Clinton, and that of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. Thomas Y. Howe, both of this city.

Nuptial.

THRICE happy state! where with no dark alloy,
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day!
For here the sigh, that soft affection heaves,
From stings of sharpest woe the soul relieves.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. James W. Shaw, to Miss Jane Youle, both of this city. By the rev. Dr. Kohiman, Mr. Jonas Bush, to Miss Helen Leary, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Burk, John Smith, to Miss Jane Wortendyke, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 3d inst. by the rev. Dr. Milledoller, Mr. William Du Bois, to Miss E. Chambers, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 1st inst. at Horsimers, (N. J.) Mr. Robert Gilchrist, of this city, to Miss Frances Vacher, of the former place.

At Cow Neck, L. I. on Thursday the 1st. by the rev. Seth Hart, Mr. Daniel Kissam, merchant, of this city, to Miss Peggy Treowell, daughter of Benjamin Treowell, esq. of Cow Neck.

Obituary.

FROM death no age nor no condition saves,
As goes the freeman, so departs the slave,
The chieftain's palace, and the peasant's bower,
Alike are ravag'd by his haughty pow'r.

DIED.

In this city, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Jennings, late Mrs. Sarah R. Henshaw, in the 36th year of her age.

Mrs. Angelina Campbell, relict of the late Daniel Campbell, esq. in the 80th year of her age.

Miss Harriot Goerck, daughter of the late Theodore Cassimere Goerck.

On Thursday morning last, after a short illness, Major John Ripley, of the house of Messrs. Ripley, Center & Co. of this city; aged 47 years.

Mr. Benjamin P. Beekman, aged 34 years.

Mr. Joseph Mitchell.

After a short illness, Antoinette Sherlock, wife of James Sherlock, aged 31 years.

Samuel Quin, aged 12 years, son of Mr. Robert Quin, was found in Old-Slip, drowned.

On Saturday morning last, Leonard Hicks, aged about 27, lost his life by the falling of a horse on him in Van Ranst's livery stable in John-street, by which a blood vessel was broken, and he expired in a few minutes.

Mrs. Catherine Dann, wife of William Dann, of this city.

At Fairfield, Con. on the 8th inst. Mr. Theodore Lyman, aged 22 years, the only child of Mr. Justin Lyman, of this city.

In the city of Schenectady, Mrs. Catalina Peck, mother of Joseph Peck, esq. in the 83d year of her age.

At Savannah, on Friday the 11th ult. Mr. James Peck, in the 25th year of his age, a native of Providence, R. I. but for several years past a respectable inhabitant of this place.

At New-Orleans on the 4th of Sept. last, in the nineteenth year of his age, after an illness of four days, Mr. Thomas Bibby, jun. son of capt. T. Bibby, of this city.

The city inspector, reports the deaths of 53 persons, from the 25th ult. to the 3d inst.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

The VISION of the drunken Man on Straw.

New-Jersey, A. D. 1812.

DEEP in a miry ale! midst rocks and springs,
And pits, and caverns, thorns, and hateful things;
Where horrid creatures, grinn'd, and flew about;
Where dusky glooms o'erspread a noisy rout;
Where serpents hiss'd: and beasts and vultures prowl;
With scream terrific, or with horrid howl;
There I affrighted stood, on trembling ground,
While rocks seem'd rent, and hills seem'd nodding round:—

When lo! a spectre, from the infernal den,
Arose, and shed a glimmering light o'er men:
And with a knotty horn, he blew a-loud,
And from a black'ned cliff, call'd to a croud:
Who from all quarters thick around him stood,
Ripe for iniquity, and hating good:
And staggering bowed, and raised the bloating sprite,
As their sole God, and author of delight.
"Hail, Bacchus, hail! the god, whose easy will
"Is fill the goblet, and be drinking still."
With stunning yelps, the roaring, ragged host,
Leaped, danced, and raised their revels o'er the coast,
At signal all were hushed: and he began
To utter, to his millions, an harangue.
"My loving subjects; and my joyous band
From every nation, continent and land;
My willing subjects; I have called you forth,
To show your numbers and declare your worth.
Tho' numbering more than emperors can boast;
Yet who rebels or murmurs in my host:—
Your numbers, more than star in yonder sky,
Is like the sand; yet none my laws defy:
All are to duty staunch, on land and sea:
Ye're bold in battle, and in frolic free:
Ye're wise in argument, in club or state,
Pregnant in fancy, and in judgment great:
Ye are choice souls in satire wit and fun:
Ye live like princes, long as blood can run;
Ye fearless then descend unto the tomb,
And to your quaffing progeny give room."

An awful figure of teatitute
Appeared behind this numerous multitude
Reclin'd on clouds of pure and brilliant light.
A solemn awe accompanied the sight
Of his majestic stature, grace and might.
Mild was his mien; and as he waved his wand,
He called the attention of the Belial band.
"Turn ye, who flee Jehovah's joy and love
Turn round and hear a message from above
For I am Temperance; and my votaries strong,
Use healthy action, and are active long:
Their works sustains the weak;—uphold the great;
And lend support to every nerve of state.
Being good, they are happy; pious, they're content:
'Bove worldly evils: to yon realms they're bent:
Realms glowing dimly to your dark'ned eyes;
Realms unto which no outward flesh can rise;
Whose beams to the approacher, brighter glow:
Whose sun ne'er sets, to those who thither go:
That eye that sees, and yet rejects its light,
Will be shut up in darkness, woe and night:
Come then approach it, turn from sensual lust:
Deny yourselves;—be temperate, good and just:—
And I will lead you to yon blest abode;
I am a spirit of the eternal God:
I lead my loving vot'ries to health;
I lead to honor, happiness and wealth:
I lead the soul to everlasting friends;
And to a world of joy, that never ends.
Avoid intemperance—and leave that sprite
That ignis-fatuus of the gloomy night,
Which leads to mire-pits, cliffs and misery,
Even when you think you grasp felicity.
He is the parent of the gout and stone
Of mania, aching heart and broken bone;
Of discord—raging with the drunken cup:
Of death; which surely comes with frequent sup
Scars, bruises, lues, are trophies of your drink;
You roll in dust, or tumble in a sink:
Your wealth departs, till low and penniless,
You lie in jail, or beg in deep distress.

To be continued.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

I HEAR the Lark's sweet swelling note
Proclaim aloud the early dawn,
And sweetly with his warbling throat
Re-ushe in the early morn.

But yet the opening morn, in vain
To me its balmy sweets disclose,
Until *Maria* trod the plain
No charms of early morn arose.

THE ROSE.

AS late each flower that sweetest blows,
I pluck'd the garden's pride;
Within the petals of a rose,
A sleeping *Love* I spied.

Around his brows a beaming wreath
Of many a lucid hue;
All purple glow'd his cheek beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded power,
Nor scared his balmy rest;
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless *Sarah's* breast.

But when, unwitting of the guile,
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Ah soon the soul-intrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy,
He gazed, he thrilled with deep delight,
Then clapped his wings for joy.

"And O!" he cried, "of magic kind,
What charms this throne endear:
Some other *Love* let *Venus* find:—
I'll fix my empire here."

Morality.

HISTORY is the foundation of all useful and elegant knowledge; it acquaints us with the transactions and characters of mankind, from the remotest periods of antiquity, to the present time; and gives us a knowledge of the most distant nations, as well as our own. It gives us a view of the powers of man, by showing in what manner he has improved, from the most barbarous and savage state of society, to that state in which we now behold the most polished nations of the world. What different pictures do the same creatures exhibit, employed in hunting, fishing, and making war on each other with the most unrelenting cruelty; and as we now view them, improving life with useful arts, and embellishing it with ornaments and elegancies, suited to a state of refinement? Without history man would have continued nearly in the same state in which he happened to be placed, for want of those improvements which he can only receive by the contemplation of his own species. But history does not only improve the arts and add to the elegancies of life, but it is of the utmost consequence to the morals of mankind. It displays in its account of every nation, how essential Morality and Virtue are to the happiness of a state, and how constantly vice and irreligion terminate in national disgrace and ruin. This is not only a useful lesson to communities but to individuals; for every man, as poets have expressed it, is a little Kingdom, where, if the inferior powers and faculties of his body are in due subjection to the superior powers and faculties of his soul, he is like a well-governed state:—every part of the creature is in peace and tranquility, consequently happy; if on the contrary, his inferior powers rebel against the superior, there is the same internal

commotion in the individual as there is in a nation, when in a state of civil confusion.

The same history, therefore, which shows that the happiness of a nation depends on its virtue, informs that the happiness of individuals depend on the same principle; and that Ruin will as certainly be the consequence of Vice in an individual, as it is in the community at large.

Anecdote.

HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.

A tradesman, who lived in a village near St. Albans, had been twice married, and ill treated his wives so as to cause their death. He sought a third but as his brutality was well known in the place where he dwelt, he was obliged to go fifty miles off for a wife.

He obtained one, and after he brought her home, all the neighbours came to visit her, and acquaint her in what manner her husband used to treat his former wives. This somewhat surprised her, but she resolved to wait patiently till her Lord and master might take it into his head to beat her. She did not wait long, for her husband was a terrible fellow.

One morning he waited on his lady with a cudgel, and was preparing himself to make use of it.—"Stop," said she, "I fancy that the right which you now pretend to have over me is not mentioned in our marriage contract; and I declare to your worship you shall not exercise it." Such a distinct speech disconcerted the husband so much, that he laid down his cudgel, and only began to scold her. "Get out of my house," said he, "and let us share our goods." "Readily," said she, "I am willing to leave you;" and each began to set aside the moveables. The lady loosens the window curtains, and the gentleman unlocks an enormous trunk in order to fill it with his property; but as he was leaning over to place some articles at the bottom, she tripped up his heels, pushed him in, and locked the lid.

Never was man in a greater passion than our man; he threatened to kill her, and made more noise than a wild-boar caught in a trap. She answered him very quietly: My dear friend, pray be calm, your passion may injure your health; refresh yourself a little in this comfortable trunk; for I love you too much to let you out now you are so outrageous. In the meantime she ordered her maid to make some custards and cream-tarts, and when these were baked and ready, she sent round to all the neighbouring gossips to come and partake of her collation.

This was served up, not on a table, but on the lid of the trunk. Heaven knows what pretty things the husband heard all these famous tatters publish in his praise. In such a case, a wise man must submit and give fair words. So did our friend in the chest. His language was soothing, he begged pardon, and cried for mercy. The ladies were so good as to forgive him, and let him out of the trunk. To reward him for his good behaviour, they gave him the remainder of the custards and tarts. He was thus completely cured of his brutality, and was afterwards cited as a model for good husbands; so that it was sufficient to say to those who were not so, *take care of the trunk*, to make them as gentle as lambs, like himself.